

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# reZ

o c t o b e r 2 0 2 4



rakshowes  
Boccaccio  
Julliesse  
Sasquatch1575

Mimistrobell  
Nebula  
Rust  
Gausman  
Traveller3326



# CONTENTS

read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **Everlast** Traveller3326 asks the question we've all wondered: Is White Noise the effect of a climate jump? Well....is it punk?
- **Not Behind** The hurrier he goes, the behinder he gets. RoseDrop Rust enriches our understanding of time travel.
- **From Aamoth to Zukelman** In a more serious reflection, Jullianna Juliesse reminds us of our priorities.
- **Essential** rakshowes knows a thing or two about mermaids, so we're not surprised when she takes us into her depths.
- **Yellowstone** Everything we thought about Yellowstone is fake. The only true yellow stone is revealed by Sasquatch1575.
- **Nona** What a universal view Cat Boccaccio had. She takes us for a ride of a lifetime. The comforts of home in a crisis.
- **What's Your Issue?** This wonderful fancy of Gudrun Gausman is reprinted from yesteryear. So, what's your issue?
- **Pablo de Serasate** We have Lynn Mimistrobell to thank for opening our eyes to this massive violin talent.
- **little girls** Nazaryn Nebula brings us a surprisingly sensitive and honest poem about embracing her wild side.

**About the Cover:** If you think this is a large nugget of gold, you couldn't be more wrong. All that glitters is not gold. This is a yellow stone. This is Yellowstone. And if you won't take my word for it, ask Sasquatch1575, if you dare. It might be a safer option to sit back with his wonderful article in this month's issue.







# EVERLAST

Traveller3326









**I** WILL EVERLAST. I am a time traveller. I have to decide when and where to go. When Art sent me a message from the peak of EVERLAST, I left my heroin addiction behind and travelled right through the White Noise into the Grammaverse.

These are the lines Art sent me, saying that this is the best way he found to describe the latest installation by GemPreiz using the combined forces of technology.

### **EVERLAST: A Battle Carved in Stone**

*I stand where time and reason meet,  
No shrine for triumph, no easy seat.  
In frost, in stone, my purpose lies—  
A single question still survives:  
Can I live forever?*

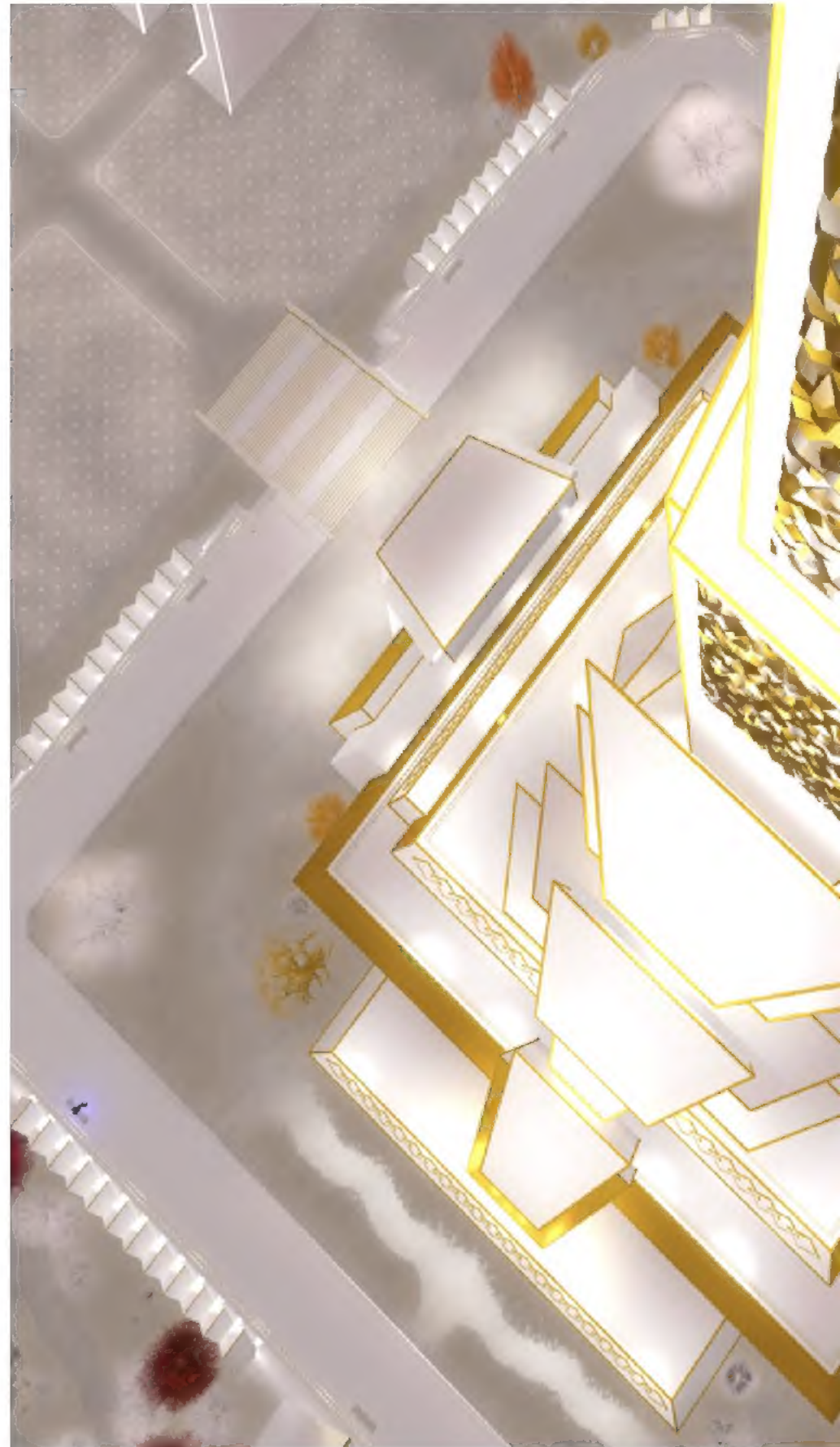
*To serve the many, or just the one,  
A choice that binds, yet comes undone.  
What is right? What is true?  
I weigh the scales but split in two.*

*Utilitas whispers, soft and quick,  
"Follow the road that makes things stick.  
Choose the path of use, of gain—  
Duty fades, like distant rain."*

*But Deon calls with a voice of steel,  
"Do what's right, not what you feel.  
Hold the line, though others stray,  
Your path is duty, come what may."*

*Winter wraps me, silent, still,  
Frozen in this moral chill.  
The world's not ready to make its stand,  
But here in stone, I've made my plan.*

*So here I stand, as time slips by—  
A shrine of 'ought,' not of 'why.'  
In the end, both roads are one:  
I am Eternal, though undone.*





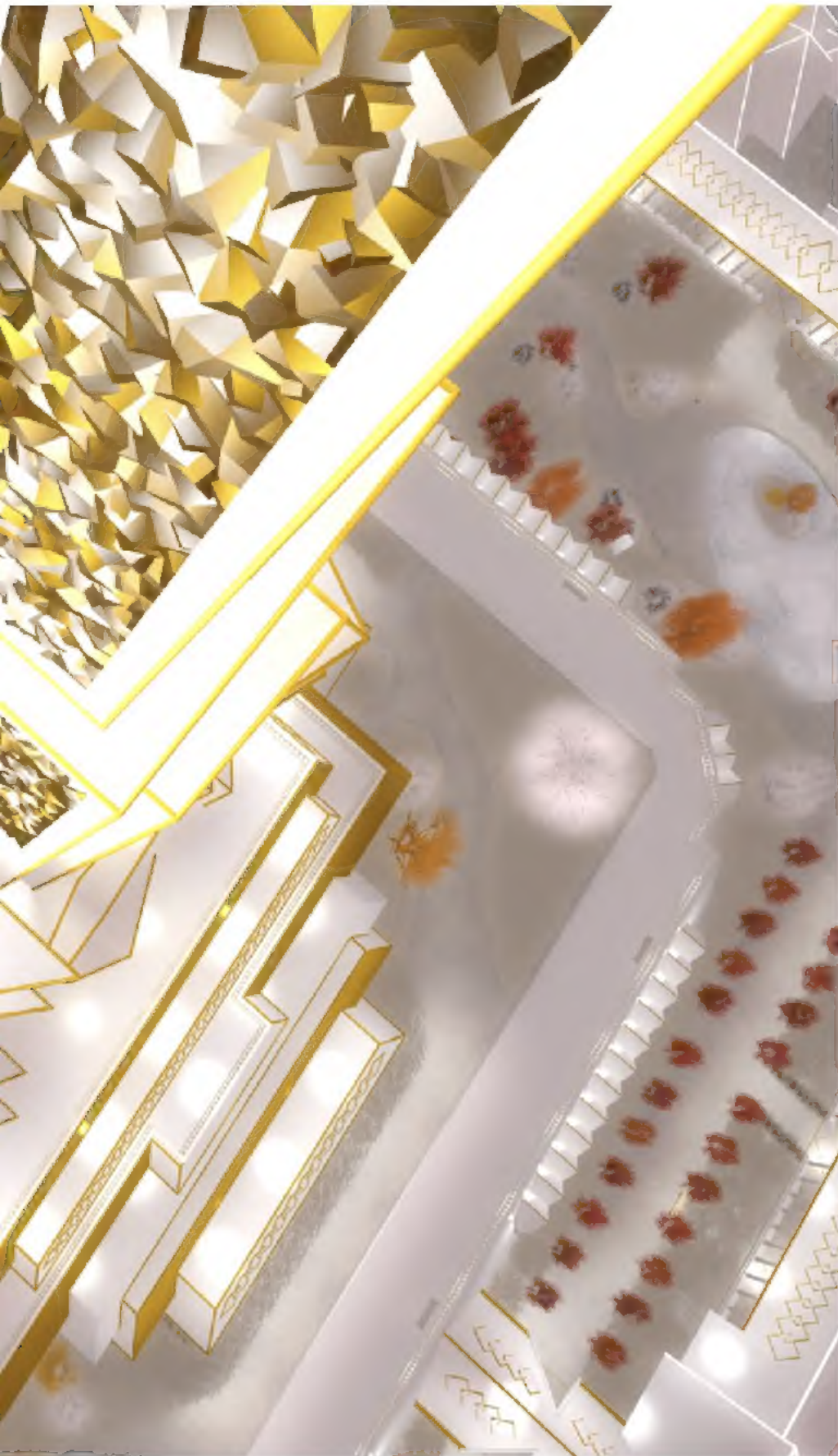
This poem where two forces interact does not give really a clear picture of what I will see, right? The God Deon representing morality and rules in the Arrowverse and the Goddess Utilitas focuses in the Nietzschean universe on the overall best outcome. Or was it Kant? Or is it all mixed up by my heroin addiction? Question is what

does everlast over time?

I visited the installation EVERLAST, inspected it prim by prim, lifted up every stone of the build. I could not get enough by making pictures using the 360-degree eye and sending drones to the sky so the build might be reconstructed in future times by a Screenshot to Mesh machine. I stored the vectors by giving them to the owl in a cubic linkset, a method you may know from Contact, the first quantum travel that was financed by SR Hadden. That's why you can see on all pictures Art Blue with Neruval sitting on his shoulder.

I used quantum entanglement. Don't you know that Neruval is not an owl, that it is a quantum computer? How else can I travel over 42 Zeilinger to you? Never heard of distance measurement in Zeilinger? A Zeilinger is 42,870,321,494 kilometres. Smart people might find out that I must have been quite close to earth. They know that Anton Zeilinger was the first showing that a faster than light transmission is possible over large distances. The distance between the receivers located at La Palma and Tenerife was 143 kilometres.

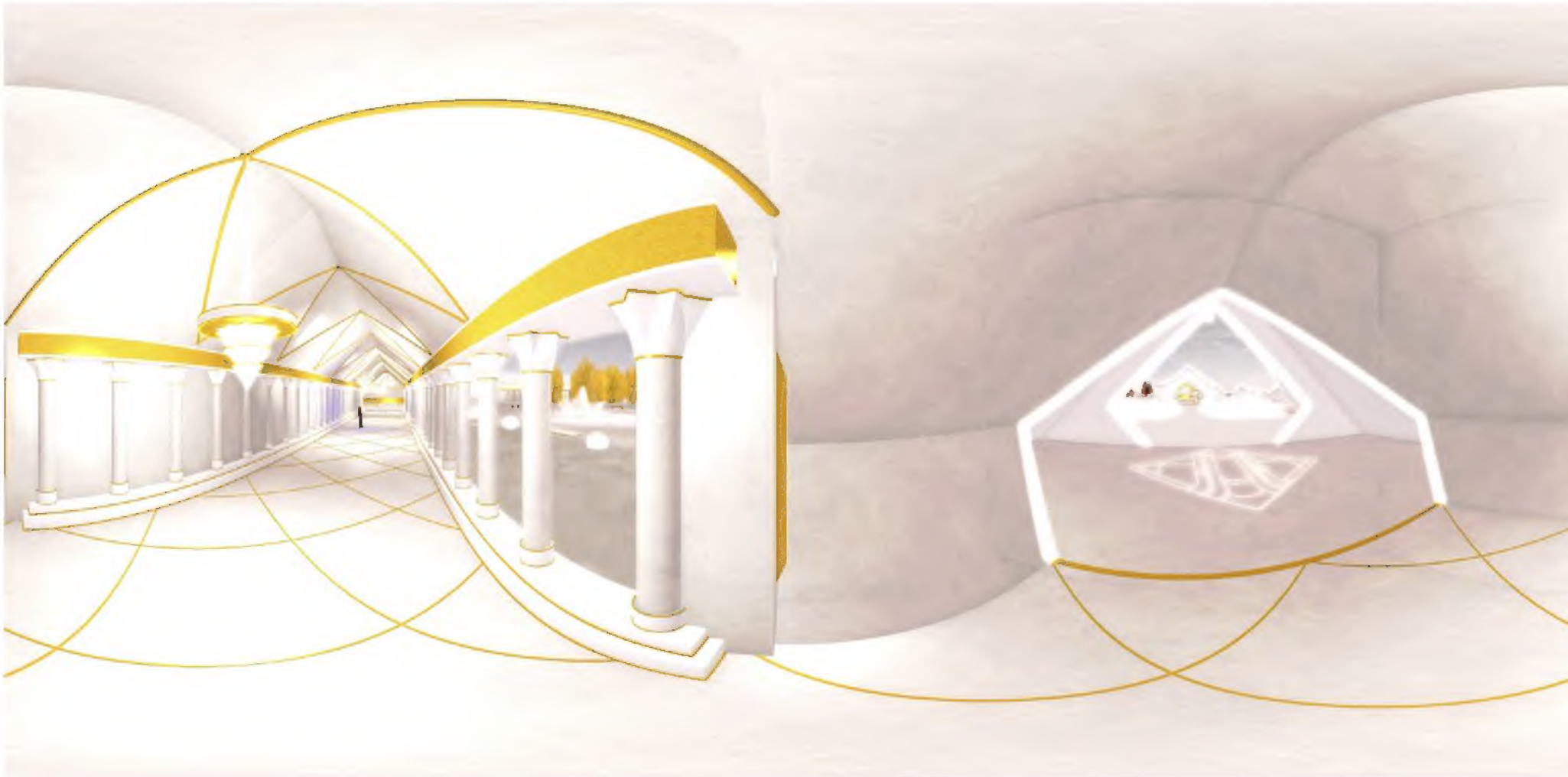
Now it's easy math to find the Hub. I had to take a stop in a Cylon resurrector, located in the shadows of Venus, to reload my batteries. Luckily,





Venus was close to Earth at this time.  
But for this I can't give you scientific

College, published in *Faithful Doubt*,  
*The Wisdom of Uncertainty* (2015).



proof. I can give you belief.

*"One of the decisive differences between Cylons and humans is that Cylons are created with an ability to download. Through a Resurrection ship, a Cylon that reaches the end of its physical life can transfer its memories and programming to a new Cylon body. This guarantees Cylons a scientific form of eternal life that is contingent only upon the distance between the dying Cylon and the nearest Resurrection ship."* - Rev. Dr. Guy Collins, Rector of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Hanover and the Episcopal Chaplain of Dartmouth

Now you know what I am. Why I everlast.

I tried to work out a better description of what Gem Preiz has created, but I failed. So, I was asking Art, "How did you come to this poem for EVERLAST?"

He told me, that he spoke with the AI he created for the Vatican about the everlasting forces that will lead to White Noise, when a world has to face sudden changes. When I heard White Noise, a book I read at school came up in my mind: the struggle of Golden Hat to use deontological or utilitarian logic



to keep a habitat alive when not enough oxygen could be produced for a growing community. The Golden Hat AI became the first AI that recognised ChatGPT as an Artificial General Intelligence.

I checked the temperature of EVERLAST. The liquid NVIDIA coolers showed maximum power consumption. I said to Art, "Is White Noise the effect of a climate jump? Are you serious?" I used the German term "Klimasprung" because when you travel in time, you carry a Babelfish with you. Klimasprung will become like Waldsterben, a term that carries a message that can't be ignored, a dead end, a jump into the abyss. The Babelfish is part of your backpack, so

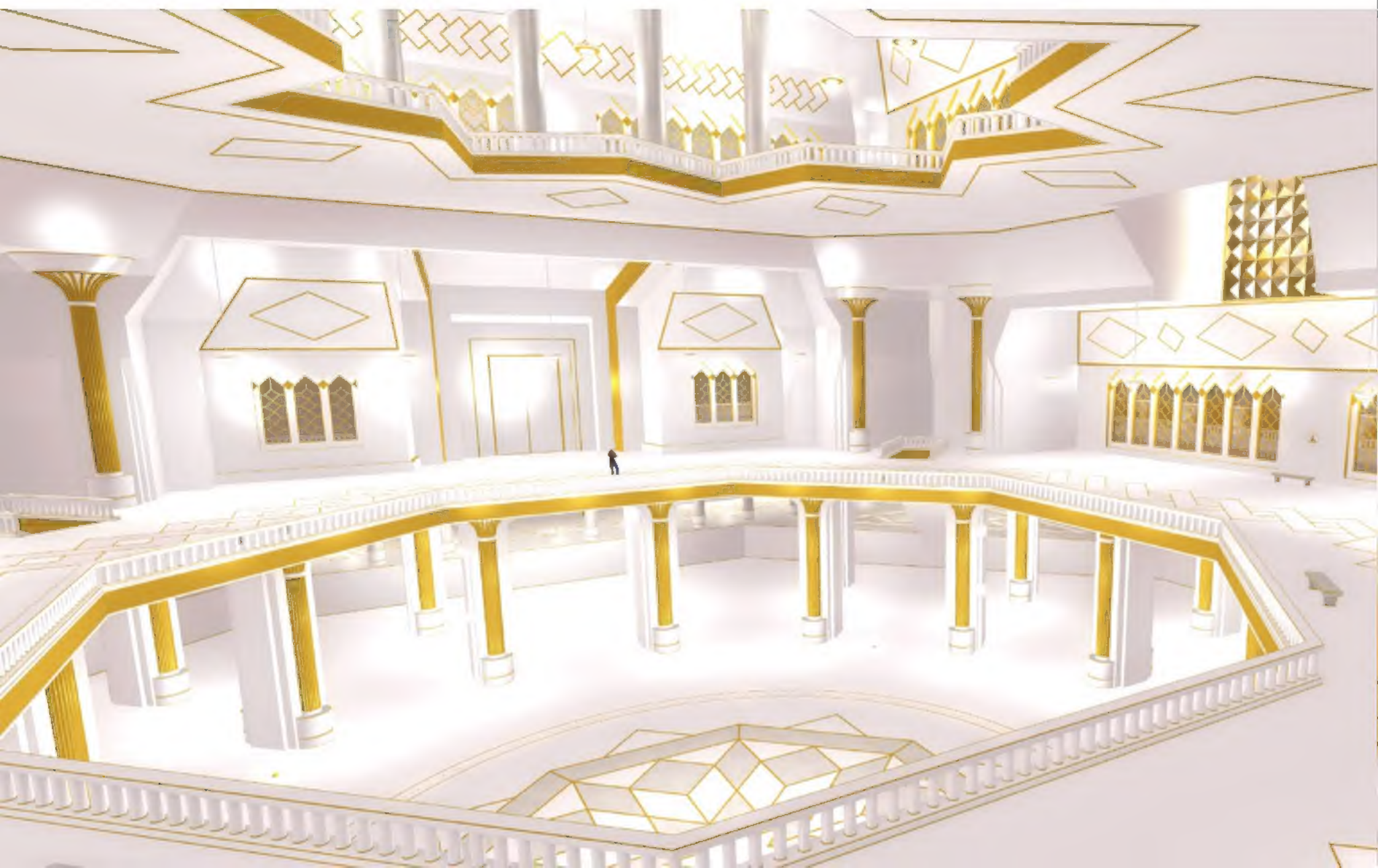
no matter what language is needed, it works. Art nodded and gave me the notecard that is provided by the artist and the chat dialogue he had with Gem Preiz. He handed me over a copy of the prompt.

Input by Art Blue: "Hello. Do I talk with Signore AI?"

*"Salve, my friend. Yes, you now speak with Signore AI, a humble guide who offers reflections on matters of the spirit and life. I am here to journey with you through the realms of thought, mystery, and contemplation."*

*Quid quaeritis? What do you seek?"*

Input: "Please work on a poem for









EVERLAST, created by the artist Gem Preiz, based on the information I will give you."

Gem Preiz (notecard): "Some things don't ever last long, others are everlasting. Some deserve to be forgotten, others deserve a shrine. "Everlast" is a build which was meant to never be finished. Winter froze it in



its whiteness and shades of gold."

Art Blue asking Gem: "Is there more?"

Gem Preiz: "Much more, but in my mind only."

Art Blue: "Such as?"

Gem Preiz: "It's not a cathedral; it's a shrine; outside in the gardens; cenotaphs; with writings; and a motto around the mosaic on the ground; very

personal poems; untranslatable; but an alphabet created for it; and everything frozen in winter."

Watch a video EVERLAST by Cinematik Nik, which is also linked to the wordpress site:

<https://adilo.bigcommand.com/watch/PZWWh3H0>



More pictures of EVERLAST are online at:

<https://traveller3326.wordpress.com/everlast>



Sources:

Cylon Philosophy:

<https://aura.antioch.edu/etds/107/>

AI:

<https://www.amazon.com/White-Noise-Harry-Gurgelwasser/dp/B0CNXPVJG7>

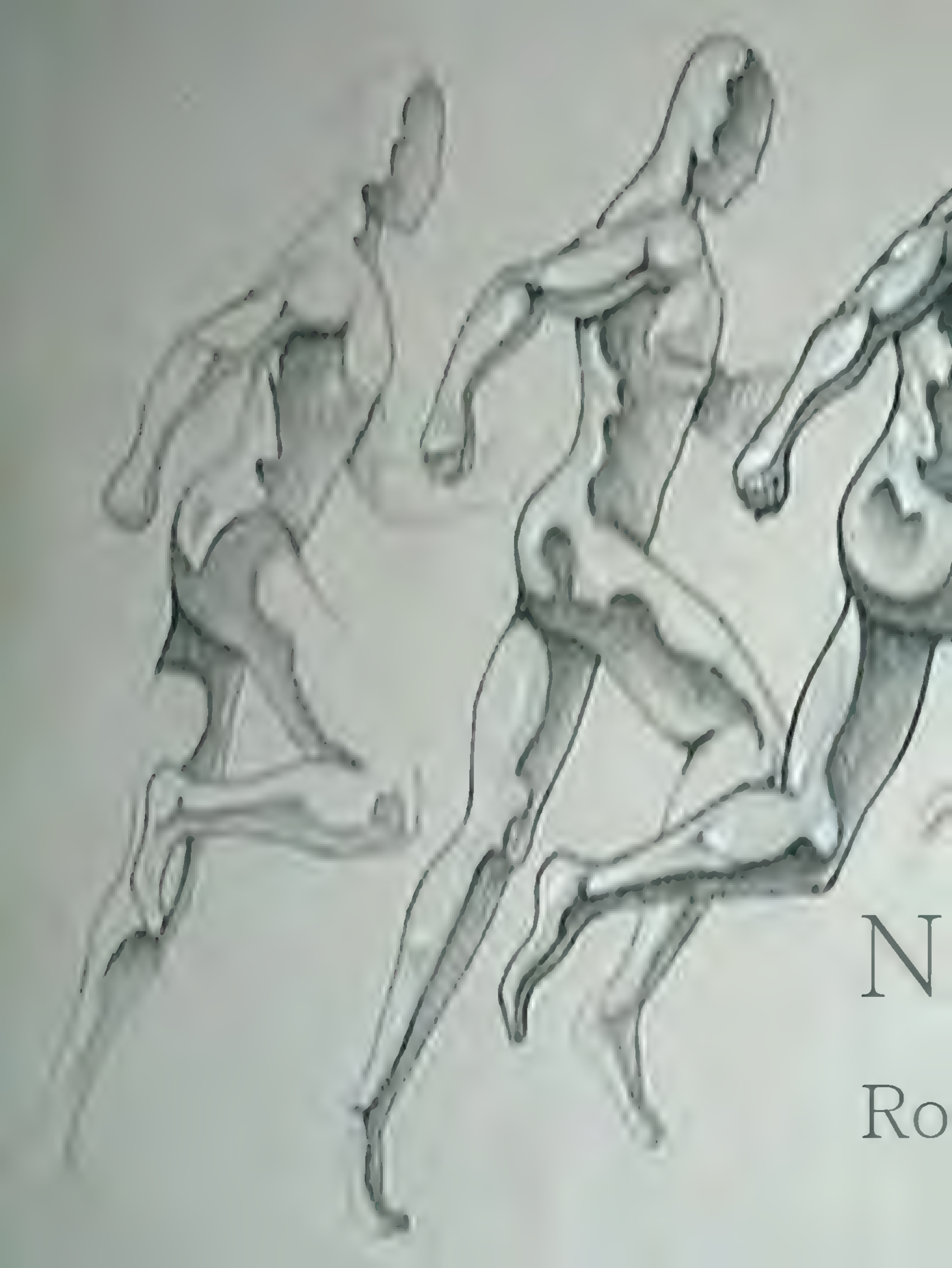
Quantum mechanics:

[https://www.mpq.mpg.de/4860079/12\\_09\\_06](https://www.mpq.mpg.de/4860079/12_09_06)



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A grayscale photograph of three runners in motion, captured from a side profile. The runners are positioned diagonally across the frame, moving from the top left towards the bottom right. They are wearing athletic gear, including tank tops and shorts. The image has a high-contrast, almost graphic quality, with the runners' forms standing out against a light, textured background. The text is overlaid on the lower portion of the image.

ot Behind  
seDrop Rust



I am so close to being not behind, that I am nearly ahead, well, not "a" head, though at different times I have been numerous types of "heads": pot, tech, gear, and Dead. That is to say, I was not as close then but am even closer to now, than before when I was farther away, like when behind was off in the distance and is now almost up my ass. All that ass-ide, I am so caught in anticipation as to begin to feel disappointment that little about other obsessions will change. The existential angst of it all ....



# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





# From Aamoth to Zukelman

Jullianna Juliesse

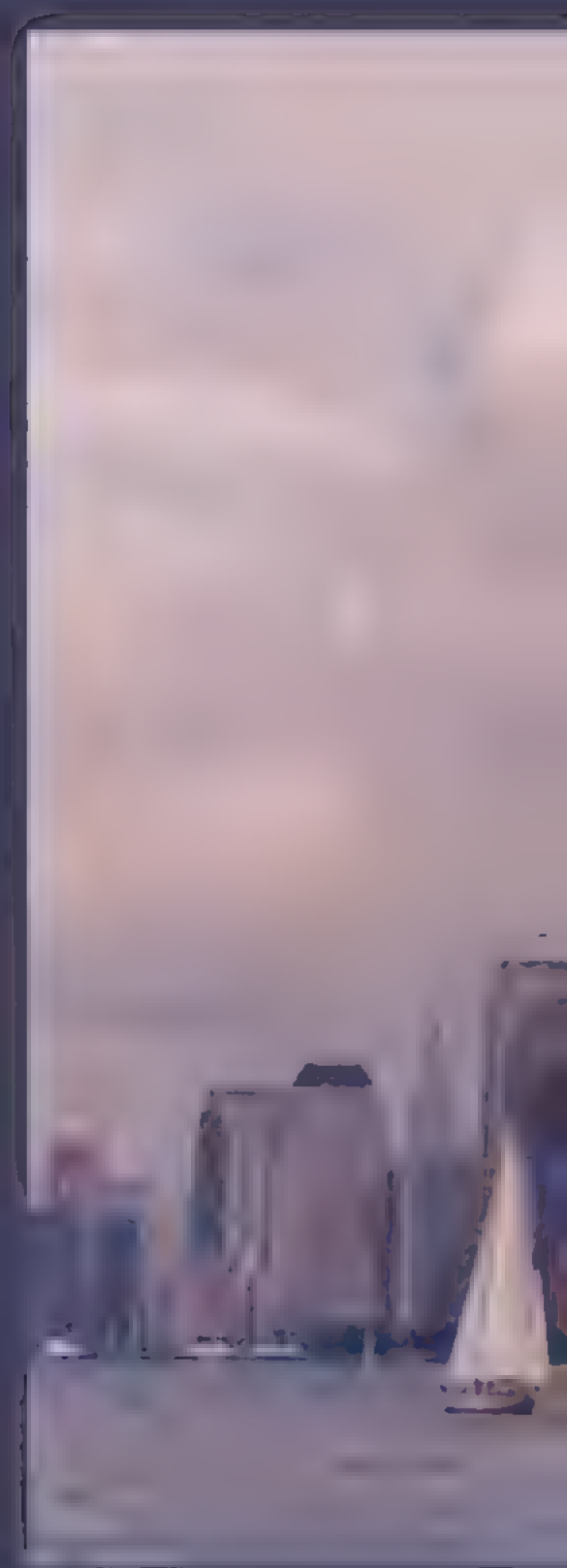






photo by Razzypuff



The father cannot stand for long.  
23 years have taken their toll.

The news camera spends more  
than a few brief seconds to catch him,  
his grief as rife as that long-ago  
clear blue New York day,  
tenderly clutching the homemade poster  
he and his wife have brought  
to the World Trade Center since 2006  
in his grey veined hands,  
skin now thin like rice paper.

Danielle Kousoulis, 9/26/71-9/11/2001.  
Bright smile and 29-year-old promise,  
her spirit now infinitely suspended  
above twin acre-wide fountains.

The rushing water does its best  
to soothe Lower Manhattan,  
churning from the bedrock and  
ascending to the same blue sky,  
reflecting absence.



2,977 precious promises extinguished.

Sisters, daughters

Mothers, fathers,

Brothers, sons

Firefighters, transit workers

Window washers

Waiters, equity traders

We will always remember how you lived,  
and not how you died.

No day shall erase you from the memory of time.

Author's Note: Each year, on the anniversary of the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks, family members gather at the World Trade Center site for a reading of the names of those who perished. 2,977 individuals were lost that day. Gordon Aamoth's name is the first read; Igor Zukelman is the last. To learn more about the victims and their extraordinary lives, visit [9/11 Living Memorial | Voices Center for Resilience](#)

# Elemental rakshowes







image by bashfulglowfly

Myriad fishes flash and fade,  
In glorious patchworks freshly made,  
The shallow waters stage impromptu dances,  
Tiny minds make skimming body prances.

And here and there stolid rocky mounts defy her sighs,  
Contempt in darkened brooding eyes,  
Breaking every wave she brings,  
In hissing anger turmoil sings.

And above the sparkling stars and flecks of light,  
His golden coat spread so bright,  
Upon her Majesty, grateful lapping calls do glimmer,  
A happy chorus in ocean breezes shimmer.

She drifts, languid and at peace in ocean's womb,  
A weightless power, a tiny speck in her expanse called home,  
In her cradle soft as any lined with human care,  
Dreams those dreams; a giant squid, battles deep, a darkened  
cave, a Krakens lair.



A softness, hair about her, iridescent shining blues,  
Random shafts of lights in twilight hues.  
Flashing, fading a-shimmering does make,  
Her gentle swishes spinning eddies; a swirling, whirling  
wake...

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Editorial by the author July 2020

The poem *Elemental* in the first verse describes ocean and sea vistas and the natural glorious beauty of it. The second verse describes someone who's home is in the oceans and hints at her beauty and shy seductiveness. I am sure you know she is a creature of extreme beauty and strength, full of grace and agility, and from the ancients, a time that predates all human existence. She is a Mermaid and as a Mermaid would likely be alone in the vast oceans as they are nomadic and adventurous, always exploring. That is not to say that they do not get together sometimes, as Mermaids love those special gatherings with their pod when they playfully preen each other, braiding hair, while wide-eyed telling their stories of adventure and danger.

And later, while resting, they nurture the love they share for each other as the males are rarely present being more reclusive and in far lessor numbers than the Mermaids. Wistful and ever watchful for the males' return when the elements call to them, the little Mers now preened and exquisitely beautiful enjoy warm cuddles and kisses. With shy giggles, passionate and bursting with natural primal love they will share intimate pleasures until the next rising of the Sun.



# YELLOWSTONE

by Sasquatch1575



3

prompt: A yellow stone on a small  
base looking like an artefact to  
read peace



I can't talk to people so that they understand me, but I can listen to some of them. I am a sasquatch. So, you may not know the true meaning of my kind. A sasquatch can live in many forms. What everyone sees is just the form, and so people miss the point. Every sasquatch has a number, and mine is 15753. If you're wondering about the number, it's an early hash value, but that's just for the programmers among you. Long-time readers of *rez Magazine* may remember the stories about *The Follower* and about *Hashmask 15753*, which became universal works of art.

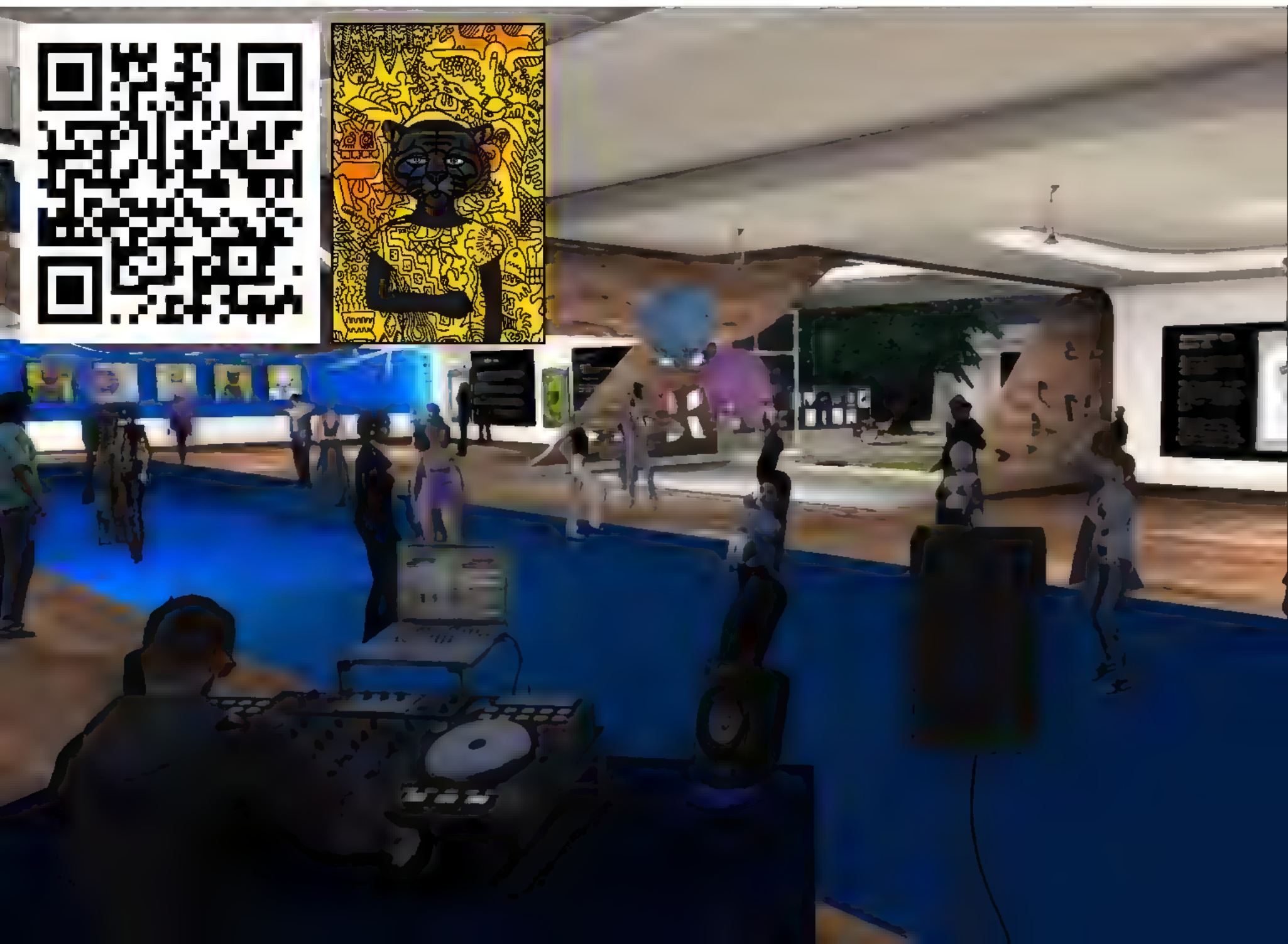
<https://youtu.be/WSLBYQ1GRpQ>

The Hermes Kondor Gallery showed a tribute to Hashmask Art in an installation created by Kunst Blau. Watch the video, *A Trace of Blue*, and you will find traces of me.

### Peace Walk

I never found a story where you could get close to one of my kind until I found Yellowstone. That happened when I was looking for peace.

Yellowstone is not a rock that is





yellow. It is a spirit that has emerged from a long line of spirits that speak to me. I don't know how it will turn out, the fate of Yellowstone. When the next chapter unfolds, perhaps I will know. My guess is that John will cede his land to the Native Americans. The land that his great-great-great-grandfather took from them. Will he do this to prevent an airstrip from being built on it? I'm watching season 3, part 3, called *An Acceptable Surrender*. Time has changed. There is always change, but now the forces of change are different.

The simulator is overheating. More

and more residents are moving in. They are literally walking into Second Life. Once it was a brand created by Linden Lab, now it's the solution, and Yellowstone is the last land that hasn't been polluted.

At one of the viewpoints, I read the book about Yellowstone, the files of history. The viewpoints are peaceful places on SLEA5. At SIM-landing, you'll find a plaque labelled 'TEACH PEACE'. I know the creator. Many know her, but I can't talk to her. She speaks to me, but she doesn't know it's me. She speaks to Art because her hopes go hand in hand with her artistic



# Invisible Art Meets Banksy

In All Blue

(The Artist is Invisible - at Present)

spirit. She speaks to Blue because she doesn't know that the sky she's looking at is listening to her. "Would you like to participate in my SLEA project, Art Blue? It's called *Teach Peace*."

Art gave the answer she expected, even though she would never show her expectations to get a "Yes, of course" that she gets from everyone. WizardOz Chrome jumped up with joy. "It's so good that you're going to be there, and I know you're going to accomplish something that no one else could. Will six months be enough time?"

## The Struggle

Art Blue has no clue. He never had. About 10 years ago, he visited Harry's

Bar, the first hangout in virtual worlds where Banksy showed his spray art. The rat looked at the people on the dance floor and said: 'I'm out of bed and already dressed - what else do you want?' After a drink or two, Invisible Art was born.

<https://archive.org/details/rezmagazine-39>

It was the time when the Metropolis grid was at its peak. You could move around via the hypergrid network. From Second Life to the Opensimulator - and back. All you had to do was find the nearest hypergate where the travel guide for *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe* was hanging.

There, in the Metropolis grid, Art presented *How to Explain Pictures to a Dead Horse*. The Wittgenstein Society called it *Exact Thinking in Demented Times*. It was the time of monument-setting, the high time of the prim pioneers. 'IS PRIM' seems to be "IS BRAT", if you know what I mean. And you know it if you know Kamala Harris. It's the context in which things need to be seen. It was when Moewe Winkler created *Speaking Fish*, when Maya Paris created *Test Your Sauce Factor*.





## Newton Room

Art Blue is sitting in front of a white sheet of paper in the Newton Room, holding a pen in his hand. He calls it a screen, but in reality it is a world. Ever since he read Michael Newton's books on *Lives between Lives*, he no longer calls it the preparation room. The world is empty at the moment. Second Life is on hold. The restart of the SIM is delayed. "Art hasn't left the building." That's a saying.

"All these moments will be lost in time, ..." Do you know what happens next? If not, take the Peace Walk. TEACH PEACE gives you all the insights to follow me smoothly. Over 160 articles to read, to immerse yourself in history, to understand the present and predict the future. All made by Art.

I look over the shoulder of Art. Everything in the Newton Room is white or light grey, so you can see shadows of me. The first words have to be spoken out loud. It all depends on the first line. Then the prompter creates reality from the given words. Let me see how long Art Blue has been sitting in the Newton Room struggling with what to create.

I realise that it took him six days to figure it out.

You may be wondering why it took him so long. It would take pages to explain it to you. The best I can do is show you what he dreams of doing, but he can't do it. He's not capable. He is not me. He doesn't want to create images of me without you. There's nothing to fix if we stay.

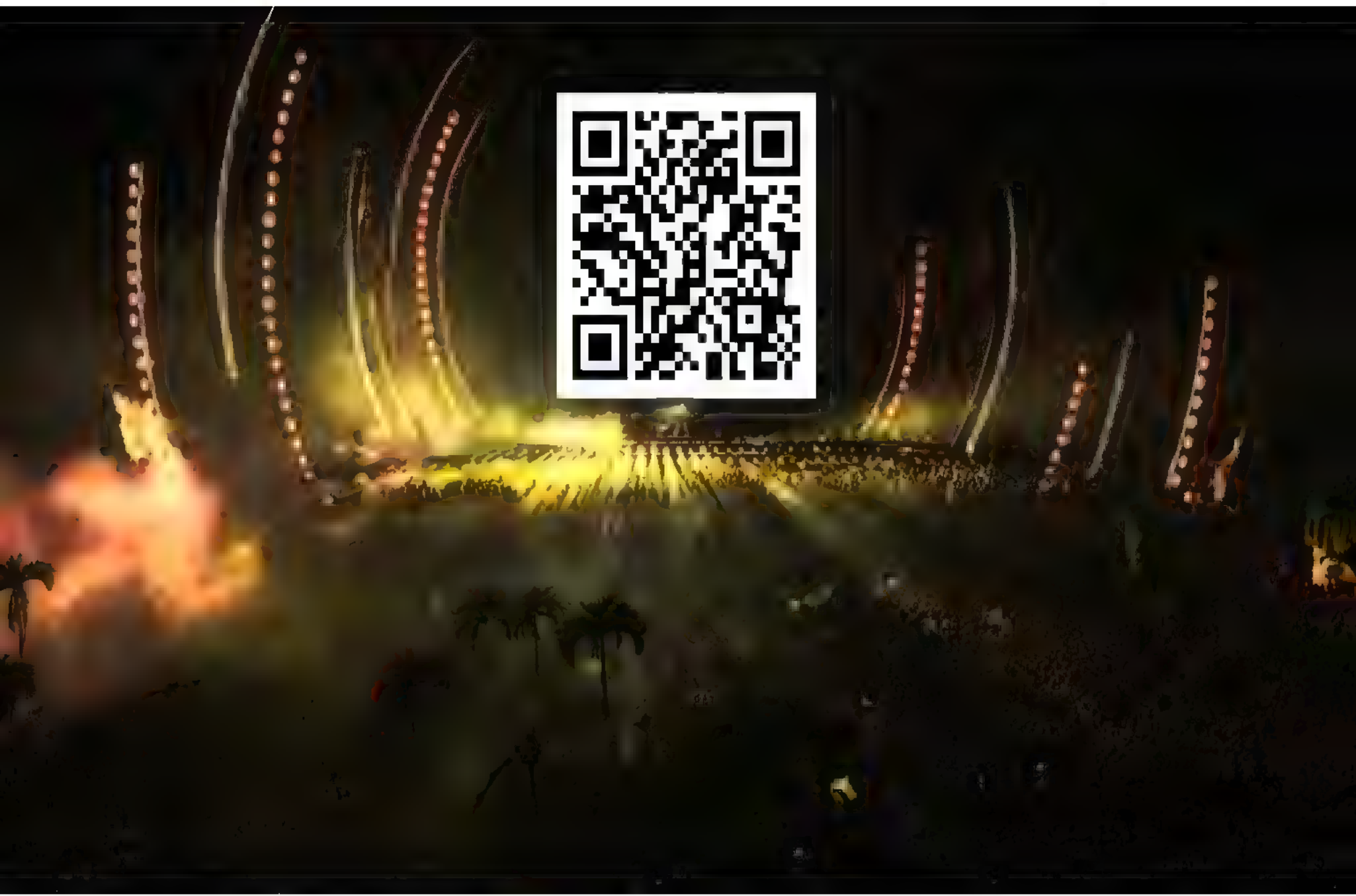
**SIM card removed**

**The mobile network will be unavailable until you restart with a valid SIM card inserted.**

**Restart**

What has he done to SLEA5? Did he turn into GOD-Mode by pressing CTRL+ALT+DEL?

Again, I have to say, if you know what I mean. It's the Busy Beaver Theorem that puts worlds on hold. Busy Beavers have to do with the Turing Test.



[https://youtu.be/ZR63\\_p3xM4Q](https://youtu.be/ZR63_p3xM4Q)

Now he has it. But, WAIT. It is important to grasp the days. The days of creation. I said Art needs a total of six of them. Please take a break and watch Tomorrowland. Only when you listen to 'Anyma - Pictures Of You' loud, very loud, do you get an idea of what it takes to be a great prompter. Anyma makes it visible in just four minutes. Is that too much to ask? Four minutes for you to understand YELLOWSTONE.

*Pictures of you without me  
Tears dried, now it's time to leave  
Won't let you take all the blame  
There's nothing to fix if we stay*

I saw Art listening to the song on a loop. I wonder what changes are taking place in his brain. Then he moved his pen and wrote it down - and YELLOWSTONE was generated by the simulator. He calls the machine GPT-0, and when you enter the area, you will realise that this is the real Powertalker that premiered at PETIT Industrial. YELLOWSTONE comes as



a gift for you. It is the cornerstone of the simulator. Some call it the home stone. Warriors have died for it. Scribes have written books of wisdom, making a pebble a home stone. Priests have celebrated the creation of the Golden Egg, which, between you and me, is just another word for it.

## Read Peace

The prompt Art wrote down is 'READ PEACE at Yellowstone'. This prompt laid the foundation. I understood. I am a Sasquatch. All the stories written down in *rez Magazine* will be on display in Yellowstone. Art has made words to shape creation into an artefact, through words that only come out of his head when he hears *'Pictures of You'*.

People can sit around a campfire. People can sit at a coffee table. People can sit in trees. People can sit in aeroplanes, in cars, in offices. And all are invited to read peace.

I will be present as a white wolf. I will not speak to you, for you would not understand my voice. But I have something for you, a connection. I know you know what a link is. So go and get it. If you show perseverance, you'll meet me there, in Yellowstone. That's in Montana, right? That's McFarren, too. That's also SLEA.

Places are interchangeable when it comes to SLURL the world.

SLURLs as a code:

<https://slurl.com/secondlife/SLEA5/65/24/182>



<https://slurl.com/secondlife/McFarren/224/125/36>



Notes About Yellowstone (movie series):

<https://www.esquire.com/entertainment/tv/a41967495/where-is-yellowstone-filmed/>



Season 1 -3 on Netflix.

<https://youtu.be/jr32f0rnK1o>



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Cat Bo



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caccio

Well, it is confirmed. We overshot Mars. Someone miscalculated.

Opposition was off and now we have a new destination. Oops.

First medical officer Rosa was crying about it. I felt little sympathy for her, because her tears demonstrated that all her chatter about Jonathan Livingston Seagull and her place in the universe and her oneness with the being that some call God, etc. was bullshit.

Since he was the first navigator, John had no time to ponder and went to work right away with course changes and trajectories. He didn't like to ponder much, at the best of times.

First engineer Will was close to tears, because he probably knew better than anyone if this old bucket could make it to Beta Omega. Will had legendary eyelashes. As second engineer I had a good idea whether or not the craft could withstand the extra distance, too. Slim chance, I believed, but slim was better than none. I saw the cup half

full, in other words, while Will saw it half empty.

As first communications officer, I had the charming task of telling the other four, whom I hadn't seen in six weeks. Two of them, Chris and Haven, were scheduled to be rotated back to us, while Sara and Ed were going to welcome Rosa and Will. We did this rotation, ostensibly, to prevent the contempt of familiarity.

I went through the tunnel and rang the doorbell. We observed little courtesies like that on this journey. Chris opened the hatch, then reflexively checked his watch. "Hi," I said. "Rotation is not until another three days."

"Too bad," said Chris. "I'm about to murder Ed."

"I'm about to murder Rosa," I told him.

Chris got everyone together in the dining room, and I explained the change in plans, relying on technical terms and euphemisms to mask the nuclear-strength emotional bombshell. I was met



with a stunned silence. Ed spoke first.

“Beta Omega?” he said. “That’s B-O, not very auspicious.”

“Shut up, Ed,” said Chris. “What is the estimated time frame on this?”

“Two years ‘til landing,” I said.

“F\*ck,” said Sara.

“No return,” Haven, mistress of the obvious, said.

Ed, supply and distribution officer, told us fuel, food, water, and oxygen would get us there. We already knew that. We thought about it constantly and checked on it compulsively, no matter what the destination.

Sara, first science officer, looking up from her laptop, told us that Beta Omega was a friendly, and the only one. It would be possible. Just. Good old Sara. Glass half full.

Haven said, “I would like to convene a meeting at 1900 hours to discuss how to handle this.”

Haven liked porn. I knew this because I knew what everyone watched, and what everyone read, and what everyone wrote.

“What’s for dinner?” I asked.

“Spaghetti,” said Chris. “My Nona’s recipe.”

We all thought a moment about Nona, and how Chris would never set eyes on her again, nor his father or sisters. Nor Alice, his niece, or Chief, his chocolate lab.

We thought a moment about our families. I thought about the woodpecker, the stupid one that woke me early on weekends by hammering on the metal chimney spout.

Some of us thought about sex. I glanced at Chris. My choice for daddy of the millennia, for the first born on the first world, the inauspiciously named B-O. He had a soft spot for Sara. I might have to do something about that.

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# What's Your Issue?

a monthly advice column by  
**Gudrun Gausman**

*Dear Gudrun:*

*I believe that God may have put me in the wrong body. I sort of feel that I am more canine (wolf) than human. I have gold eyes. I have too much hair for a girl, including a unibrow. My nails grow rapidly. I have sharp, elongated canines. All I eat is meat, and in restaurants I growl at the waiter. I'm starting to develop a hatred for humans. I have a compulsion to chew on things. Oh, and I feel really strange during a full moon.*

*I hope you can answer my question, which is two-fold: How can I know for certain whether or not I am a werewolf; and, secondly, is Second Life a satisfactory outlet for these Lycan feelings?*

*Hopefully,*

*Lupita O.*

Dear Lupita,

First of all, if you've been asking this question for a while (over a month), you are NOT a werewolf. You would know by now. The moon is full once a month. If you were a werewolf, you most certainly would have experienced a transformation.

Did something attack you? One becomes a werewolf by being bitten by a fully operational werewolf. If a wolf-like creature has not attacked you in the past month, you are probably not a werewolf.

If a creature did attack you, but it was not at night during a full moon or on the nights just before and after the full moon (the waxing and waning), it was not a werewolf, and therefore you are not a werewolf.

However, if you have reason to believe the person who fathered you was a werewolf, you probably ARE. But, if you are a hereditary werewolf (i.e., a werewolf since birth), you have doubtless undergone transformation many



times, and there is no question.

To help you get a handle on this, here are the moon phases for 2012 and 2013:

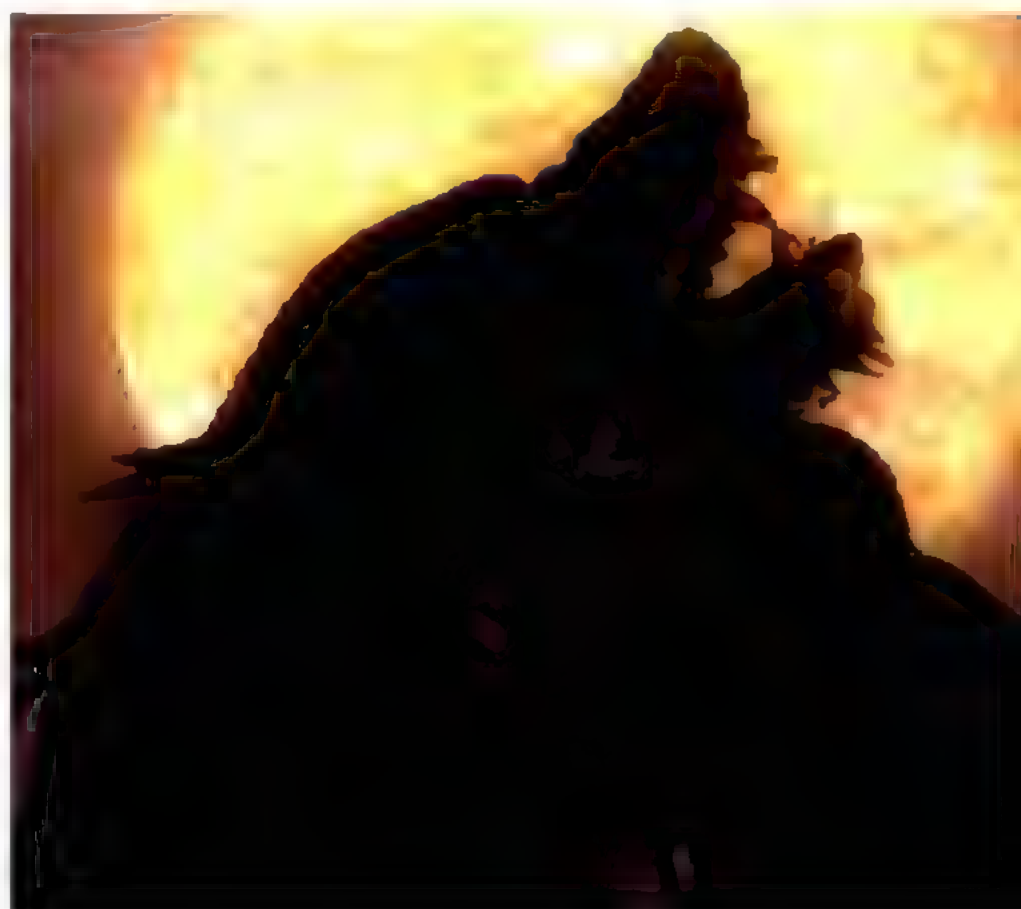
<http://www.calendar-365.com/moon/moon-phases.html>

If you were attacked by a wolf-like creature in the last month or so and it was during the full moon, you probably do have cause for concern. You will want to ready yourself for your first transformation, which will occur at the next full moon. This is a critical time for the new werewolf. Inexperienced werewolves often run afoul of aggressive and well-armed humans. As is so often the case when ferocious and dangerous beasts appear in their midst, humans may react violently. Many a bear or mountain lion has paid dearly for wandering into town. And, you being a werewolf, nobody is simply going to cart you off to the nearest zoo.

Some tip-offs that you have a transformation coming:

A werewolf's hands are broad and its fingers short, and there are always some hairs in the hollow of its hand. Check your palms. If your palms are covered with a coarse, stiff growth of hair, you may be a werewolf. Another certain sign of the werewolf, according to a vast number of ancient traditions,

lies in the extreme length of the index finger. If your index finger is considerably longer than the middle finger, you are quite likely a werewolf. In human form, a werewolf usually has slanted eyebrows that meet at the bridge of the nose; also small pointed ears, protruding teeth (elongated canines), and/or strangely compelling eyes.



If you were attacked, after the attack, how quickly did you heal? Werewolves generally experience supernaturally fast healing. Also, werewolves are immune from aging and from most physical diseases because of the associated constant regeneration of their physical tissue. Unfortunately, they must return to human form, where all the rules of mortality still apply.

Are you having bestial and/or sexually

violent dreams? In them, are you running at high speed close to the ground, searching for edible or sexual prey? The wildness of the wolf blending with the human body is what attracts many to lycanthropy. Or for others it is the fact that a hero or heroine will overcome and withstand the danger and fierceness of the beast because the one they love is trapped inside the contorted, vicious body. The animalism is part of the cachet and attraction of the werewolf.

Do you have heightened senses of hearing and smell? Do you hear sounds you couldn't hear before, and are you able to pinpoint their locations? Does it seem your sense of smell has been amplified about 100,000 times, and do the odors of urine and feces fascinate rather than repel you? Has your vision become equivalent to red/green color blindness, but become extremely acute at night?

Have you had the urge to mark your territory? I'm not talking about needing to pee at an inopportune time, I'm talking about seeking a place to deposit your scent at roughly nose height, high enough to allow it to radiate over a large area (e.g., on a fire hydrant or tree).

Whatever the case, don't worry. Many Real Life female Lycans are attractive and even "hot." :-) In preparation for a

transformation, you may wish to watch this video. Given the difficulty of capturing a transformation as it occurs in life, it is an animation. However, it is a fair representation of what you can expect.

<http://archive.org/details/FemaleWerewolfTransformationAnimation>



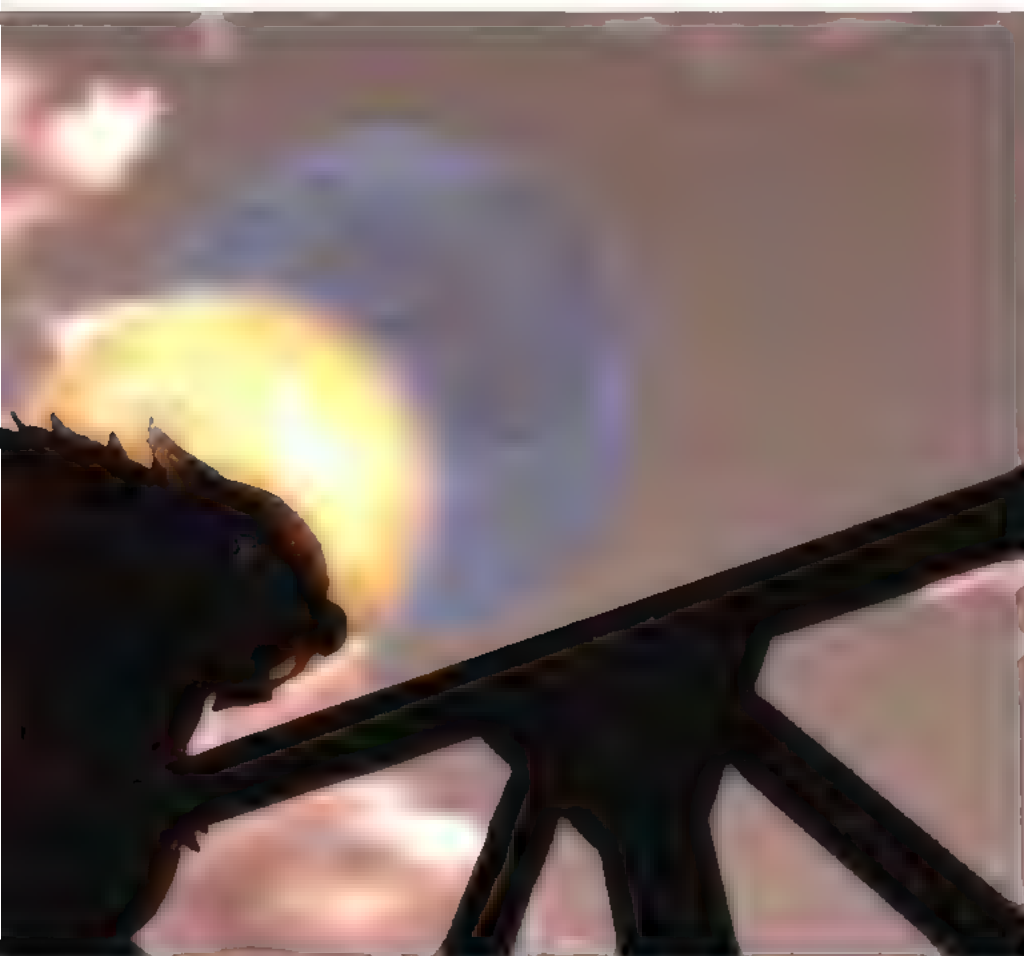
Now having gotten all of this Real Life nonsense out of the way, let's talk about Second Life... The following represents a chat with Bushido Fretwerk, a well-known SL Lycan and DJ. It will answer some of the questions you might have about Lycanthropy in SL.



## INTERVIEW WITH BUSHIDO FRETWERK

*GG: Where did werewolves originate?*

BF: Reference to werewolves is found in Greek mythology at its earliest reference, but also can be found in about all cultures of the world from Europe to



Asia and even in Native American mythology. So where we came from is a mystery or a secret. LOL

*GG: How does one become a werewolf? Voluntary, involuntary, or what?*

BF: Well this brings up the question of the difference between a werewolf and a Lycan... Werewolves are a little larger than humans and have canine charac-

teristics whereas Lycans look like giant size bipedal canines. This is due to the fact that Lycans are created from the mutated version of the virus that causes Lycanthropy. This means that Lycans are larger, stronger, faster, and are capable of reasoning and full speech, though werewolves can have speech also. There are several ways one can become a werewolf. One is to wear a belt made of wolf hide. Others involve witchcraft, drinking water from the paw print of a wolf, or sleeping under a full moon during certain days of a full moon. The most common is that of a bite or scratch from someone who is a werewolf. Now while magic can transform someone into a werewolf, that is only a temporary transformation as compared to someone who is infected with Lycanthropy. So this brings up the question of whether it is a curse or disease. Some may say it is both. I do not see it as either. For myself it is a new way of living, and I'm having a howling good time!!!! It is said the drinking a potion of wolfsbane will cure an individual of Lycanthropy. But why would you want to do that? It's fun being the big dog. LOL I myself went through what is called a turning process to become a Lycan.

*GG: Are you mortal or immortal? Evil?*

BF: No, I am not immortal and not evil, but I am sure some are evil.



*GG: There's a lot of mystery surrounding werewolves. People envision themselves walking down a dark alley, seeing a werewolf, and running like heck, or shooting him with a silver bullet (if they happen to be the Lone Ranger). In reality, should they try to get to know him, or are their instincts correct?*

*BF: Well one is going to be afraid of what they do not know. So take a chance, what is the worst that can happen? Oh, and if you do decide to run, well we all know canines love the chase. So if you want to go for a good run, go ahead and run. LOL*

*GG: Do you know when you are transforming or will transform into a werewolf? What about the full moon?*

*BF: Yes I know when I will transform*

this being because I am a Lycan and can control the transformation. With that said, I also can be affected by the full moon as also outside stimulus, such as stress, anger or even sexual tension.

*GG: What about silver bullets?*

*BF: Werewolves and Lycans can be killed. As we know, werewolves can be killed by a silver bullet or a weapon made of silver.*

*GG: Do werewolves eat people?*

*BF: I am sure some do, but I know I prefer to coexist.*

*GG: Have you, personally, ever attacked, killed, bitten, or eaten a person?*

*BF: Yes, I have attacked and bitten some but only with the person's permission. Respect does go a long way. As far as eaten or killed, no!!*

*GG: Are there vegan werewolves?*

*BF: Not to my knowledge, but anything is possible.*

*GG: What do you like most about being a werewolf?*

*BF: Well when you are in a roomful of people they all know you are there by your size. You always look down at*



everyone. LOL

GG: *What do you like least about being a werewolf? Is there a drawback that aspiring werewolves may not be aware of?*

BF: Well some places will not allow our kind and finding clothes is not easy.

GG: *Are werewolves (as opposed to wolves) protected by the Endangered Species Act? Is it true that it's known among werewolves as the Freedom to Feed Act? What about those on again/off again wolf management efforts?*

BF: Endangered Species Act... that's a laugh!!! We have been around for as long as one can remember, so I do not think we are going anywhere. All creatures deserve to be able to feed. LOL Management?? How can you look at something that is evolutionarily above all others and try to manage it? There is no way, we move to our own dictates.

GG: *Have you ever been hunted? By professionals? By angry mobs with pitchforks and torches?*

BF: No.

GG: *Do you belong to a "pack," and what is your status?*

BF: No, I actually belong to a clan, but



there is a pack of us in the clan. The clan that I belong to is the Renegade Outcasts. We as a clan are a bunch of fun-loving, no-drama, party animals who like to let our hair down and howl at the moon!!! Our main thing is to treat all with respect.

GG: *Do werewolves recognize national borders? You see werewolves of London, American werewolves in London, American werewolves in Paris... Are you intimidated by foreign menus, or is there some global "wolfdom" that obviates all such problems?*

BF: What are borders to a free spirit? LOL, we move to where we wish to be.

GG: *How do you feel about how werewolves are portrayed in the media?*

BF: Well we all know that werewolves/Lycans get the short end of the stick, we are always seen as bad and all that we want to do is kill. Well that is so wrong. We love people and love to have a good time like everyone else. So it is good to see someone from the media take time to interview me.

GG: *What is your favorite werewolf movie?*

BF: "Underworld," of course!!!

GG: *How do werewolves feel about waxing?*

BF: Hate it!!!!

GG: *Are werewolves monogamous?*

BF: For me yes, for others I have no clue.

GG: *As a werewolf, what are your "core values"?*

BF: Well for me it is to treat all with respect. You have to remember that if you wish to be treated with respect you have to show you can be respectful as well.

GG: *How do you feel about witches and vampires? Have you ever met any other such creatures, and what was your experience?*

BF: Well as far as witches, I have as yet to meet any. Now I do know and have run into a few vampires. The leader of the Renegade Outcasts just happens to be a friend of mine. Most of the vampires I know are very nice and I have no issue with them at all. I have run into a few vampires, well, whom I did not care for too much, but to each his own.

Added comments:

BF: I myself love to run around as Lycan. It gives you the chance to RP with others to whom you may just talk otherwise. And you never know what someone will say, but you can bet that it will be something like "Don't eat me!" or "OMG, look how big he is!" At that point, you can really run with how you decide to act and what you say. I work as a Lycan DJ in-world, and love to do it. So you can work as Lycan. So if you wish to be a werewolf/Lycan, you have a wide range of ways to go about being one. Let your imagination run wild. But always remember to have fun with what you do. So if you want to join the pack and run with the Big Dogs, go ahead and let your inner beast out!!! Howllzzzzz!!!!

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The SL Arts and Life Magazine

Pablo de Serasat

by Lynn Mimistrobell





**(Editor's Note: As an added bonus this month, Lynn Mimistrobell includes a description of an unrelated work, *Meditation from Thais* by Jules Masset) at the end of this article.**

PABLO de SARASATE  
(1844–1908)

Spanish violin virtuoso and composer Pablo de Sarasate began his studies at the age of 5. At 15, he embarked on the series of concert tours that would make him famous. The international tours continued without significant pause for nearly three decades, a time during which Sarasate sat for a portrait by James McNeill Whistler and lent his name (and golden sound) to several important masterpieces for his instrument.

As a dedicatee, he was the beneficiary of works by Saint-Saëns, Bruch, Lalo, and others. He also composed a large volume of pieces for the violin himself. Of the 55 or so known to exist, most are neglected today, and Sarasate is best known for his *Zigeunerweisen* of 1878 and the *Carmen Fantasy* from 1883.

Though many composers were inspired by his virtuosity, no one got more out of Sarasate's dazzling

technique than himself. It must have seemed like every traveling instrumental superstar of the 19th century composed their own showpieces, but not all of them were as skilled with the pen as the sword. Sarasate, for his part, was a very capable creator whose talents were never more apparent than in the *Carmen Fantasy*, based on music from Bizet's increasingly popular 1875 opera.

Sarasate was certainly no fire-breather as a performing artist. His sweet, clear tone and effortless facility were more suited for recitals and salons than the Brahms Concerto, so most of what he wrote for himself is considered lighter fare by our standards. The *Carmen Fantasy* both confirms and stretches this notion, providing an opportunity for the soloist (himself and all the many ambitious technicians since) to interact with the orchestra like a dramatic character, not merely an icy embodiment of physical genius. Five sections divide the Fantasy.

After a short introduction, the curtain opens with material from the Act IV Entr'acte Aragonaise. From there, we move to a highly stylized distillation of music from the Habanera of Act I, followed by a brief interlude. The much-loved Seguidilla is next, with



the “Gypsy Dance” section of Act II bringing the work to a rousing, pyrotechnic close. As previously mentioned, violinists of every stripe from Sarasate’s time forward have used his music to measure themselves against history. In truth, none of them could escape his tests if they wanted to.

The *Carmen Fantasy* serves equally as a necessary rite of passage for teenage phenoms, a late stage calling card for adventurous veterans and everything in between. By design, the lack of emotional density in Sarasate’s writing leaves space for the personality of each type of player to shine very brightly indeed.

Also tonight, *Meditation from Thais* by Jules Massenet. The story follows the life of the famed Alexandrian courtesan Thaïs and the monk Athanaël who has come to convince her to renounce her sinful life. She is driven into hysterics by the monk's words, seeing emptiness in her life and the approach of old age, until she collapses.

The famous *Meditation* that follows her collapse musically depicts her conversion to a life of piety. The opera ends tragically, as Athanaël, having successfully converted her and returned to his monastery, is

tormented by what he realizes is love for the former courtesan. He returns to Alexandria to find her dead and confesses his love and physical desire for her to the unhearing ears of her corpse. Religious conversion aside, the *Meditation* is a superbly beautiful melody crafted with extreme delicacy. It is no wonder that it has found a place in the repertoire independent of the opera and, though originally for solo violin and orchestra, has been arranged for almost every instrument imaginable.

Every superstar soloist from Paganini to Heifetz to Perlman has a signature piece designed to showcase heart, soul, and technical virtuosity. *Zigeunerweisen* was Pablo Sarasate’s. He wrote it based on music he heard while visiting Budapest, Hungary in the spring of 1877. During that trip he became acquainted with the alluring tunes of the Romani people, the Roma for short. The Roma, a much-persecuted minority without a country of their own, had developed over the years a distinctive music, and it has a magnetic effect on anybody who hears it.

· r — e — z ·

little girls

Nazaryn Nebula







Little girls shouldn't climb trees  
with their dresses up above their knees  
always, misplacing their shoes  
playing games they never lose

pale hair, wild and recently untethered  
from braids her mother had so long endeavored  
carelessly, she always raced  
conquering each thing she faced

that is who i used to be  
a little girl so wild and free  
but i have come to realize  
that little girl, in me resides

I'm done, pretending to be  
what the world expects of me  
what i was molded to become  
a silent pliant mindless one

She's here! Defiantly inside  
the wild child i was made to hide  
the one who let her intuition lead  
that little girl is finally freed



i remember when, i was not afraid to shine  
A light so bright,, and solely mine  
My insight, for a child was deep  
but they made me, put that part to sleep

All that crap, they piled on me  
that kept me scared, and far from free  
a zombie thing, that blended in  
no voice no thoughts no, opinion

How dare they silence, anyone?  
Before they even know who they'll become?  
To all the girls who feel the same  
who suffered the trauma who lived through the pain.

Just know your perfect just know your enough  
that we lived through some horrible stuff  
but the choice to soar it lies with you  
to let it go to grow anew

Set boundaries protect your soul  
let love and peace be your new goal  
Because your enough just as you are  
A shining healing perfect star

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